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L E T T E R

T O

Mr. A D D I S O N,

O N T H E

K I N G ' S

Accession to the T H R O N E.

By Mr. E U S D E N.

L O N D O N:

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THE

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1891

A
L E T T E R
T O

*Mr. ADDISON, on the KING's Accession
to the THRONE.*

S I R,

WHILE to new Honours you, unenvy'd, soar,
And too much Merit is a Crime no more;
While Regents chuse you with a gen'ral Voice,
And glad *Britannia* loud applauds the Choice;
Pleas'd with my fond ambitious Zeal, excuse
The tuneful Labours of a Loyal Muse.
O! may you kindly listen to the Lyre,
You, whom I love, as much as I admire.
Then I with Freedom dare my Joys proclaim,
Careless of Censure, and secure of Fame;
Boldly a tributary Verse I bring,
Your Lawrels shade me, when to you I sing.

Long have we struggled in a glorious Cause,
To guard Religion, and secure our Laws.
In vain we taught th' ambitious *Gaul* to yield,
And reap'd the Harvest of each bloody Field:
Abroad Triumphant, still new Dangers rose
From home-bred Faction, and intestine Foes:
Whom ev'n against their Wills the Hero saves,
With Freedom wretched, happy if but Slaves.
This *WILLIAM* prov'd, when to our Aid he flew,
And his proud Rival trembled, and withdrew.
Infernal Arts were fruitlessly employ'd;
The Kingdoms, which he rescu'd, he enjoy'd.
Alcmena's Son, thus, spite of *Juno*, gain'd
Those Stars, and Heav'ns, which he had once sustain'd.
Such were the Blessings past, and yet we owe
Our present Transports to the dead *Nassau*;
He bravely vow'd the Wonder to compleat,
And make our Joys as permanent, as great.
With prudent Caution, and Paternal Fears,
He weigh'd the distant Fates of future Years;
Then said, when *ANNA* shall her Breath resign,
Succeed thou Glorious *Hannoverian* Line!
There I dare trust my Sons, the Father cry'd,
And having fix'd *Britannia's* Bliss, he dy'd.
May ever-springing Flow'rs his Tomb adorn,
And Nations praise him, who are yet unborn!

Now

Now let the flatter'd Youth his Title boast,
And fondly Triumph in a foreign Coast:
Enjoy the Pleasure of his fancy'd Schemes,
And, sportive, bend Patrician Necks in Dreams.
Deluded Youth! learn from thy boasted Sire,
Not to Invade, but silent to Retire. [joyn?
What! tho' thy Friends their promis'd Arms shou'd
Hast thou forgot the Battel of the *Boyn*?
Vain was the first Attempt, a second dread;
Think on our Laws, and thy devoted Head.
In Climes remote thou may'st securely stay,
There with imaginary Sceptres play;
And while new Glories grace the *British* Throne,
Think the bright sparkling Diadem thy own.
Thus in calm Ev'nings on the Silver *Thames*
We smile, deluded with the painted Streams,
While from the Banks, fair, sloping Gardens rise,
Here the Green shadow'd Myrtle cheats our Eyes.
There glossy Plumbs a speedy Reach demand;
The fruitful Liquid almost tempts the Hand,
Where ripen'd Grapes in bending Branches vie,
And the Stream blushes with a Purple Dye.
Blue Hyacinths false Fragrancies bestow,
And absent Roses in the Waters blow.

Methinks, I hear you chide my long Delay,
And wonder, whither would my Fancy stray;
Bid me with forward Zeal salute the King,
Awake to Raptures, and in Triumph sing.

Oh *Addison*! 'tis not Neglect, but Fear,
That checks my ardent Longings to appear.
Such Majesty at its full Length to draw,
Might the best Masters of the Pencil awe.
If happy Sketches some Resemblance show,
The Lights must brighten, and the Colours glow.
Were the big Thoughts but worthily exprest,
Which heave, and roul impatient in my Breast,
Not *Hallifax* cou'd the bold Song disdain,
Not *Hallifax* produce a nobler Strain.

Thro' Time's Abyſs how ſhall I backward trace
The firſt great Founder of this glorious Race?
Whether in *Nævius* it began to bloom,
When the proud *Tarquin* reign'd the Scourge of *Rome*;
Or from the valiant *Sigebert* it ſprung,
A Warrior ſtill by *Lombard* Poets ſung;
Or from brave *Guelphus* it derives its Date,
Whoſe Offspring govern'd the *Bavarian* State;
Old Annals to the laſt the moſt encline,
And honour *Guelphus* with the God-like Line.

In other Pedigrees a dawning Ray
Breaks out by Starts, and promises a Day:
One prudent Prince, distinguish'd by Renown,
Shall for a thoughtless Progeny atone.
But Nature here disdains a bounded Store,
Is ever giving, and yet never poor.
In one unbroken Series nobly springs
A Race of Heroes, and a Race of Kings.
Summon'd by Fate, when e'er the Parent dies,
Successive Virtues in his Son arise:
Thro' diff'rent Ages still they shone the same,
Where no Enlargement was allow'd to Fame.
Their ancient Glories rival'd they beheld
By few, and only by themselves excell'd.
Divided Branches still were seen to shoot,
With equal Vigour, from th' immortal Root.
So while the *Danube* various Streams compose,
From one rich Fountain the proud *Ganges* flows;
O'er *Indian* Plains majestically spread,
A hundred Rivers from his Stores are fed:
A hundred Rivers still might be supply'd,
And haughty *Ganges* still not sink his Tide.

Where shall the Muse begin her thankful Lays?
In Crouds of Patriots whom first dare to praise?

Thee.

Thee, *Bruno*, thee Imperial *Brunswick* calls,
And owns the Founder of her lofty Walls;
Then sees in *Albion* fair *Matilda*'s Charms,
And the fierce Lion *Henry* in her Arms:
Admires the Parents much, young *Otho* more,
For whom the *German* Eagles Thunder bore.
Never, O! never shall the Sacred *Nine*
To the first *Robert*'s Fame a Verse decline,
Who bad them from *Aonian* Caves retreat,
And near the *Neckar* find a beauteous Seat.
Let slaughter'd *Turks*, or the rais'd Tow'rs of *Zell*
Just *Frederick*'s unblemish'd Honours tell.
To *Rupert* next the willing Lyre is strung,
A Beardless Hero must not fight unsung.
See on *Ulot*a's Plains without a Tear
The Chief, the Captive, and the Boy appear!
Let *Ernest* on the *Rhine* whole Kingdoms shield,
And Lawrels plant in each *Dalmatian* Field,
I pass the memorable Course he run,
And leave the Sire to hasten to the Son.

Hail mighty *GEORGE*! auspicious smiles thy Reign,
Thee long we wish'd for, Thee at last we gain.
Thy hoary Prudence in green Years began,
And the bold Infant stretch'd at once to Man.

How oft, Transported, the great *Ernest* smil'd
With the Prefages of his greater Child!
Saw thee with burnish'd Helms unstartling play,
Nor from the Gleamings turn thy Eyes away:
Observ'd the first Emotions of thy Heart,
When thy imperfect Accents lisp'd a Dart.
Thy Youth was harden'd not by slow Degrees,
Not lull'd, and pamper'd in Luxurious Ease,
But with the rising Sun was taught to rise,
And bear the freezing, or the sultry Skies.
No Scenes of Horror could thy Soul affright,
And each new Labour gave a new Delight:
Pleas'd to discern th' approaching Foe from far,
And chuse the foremost Dangers of the War;
To range alone the Caverns of the Wood,
Or stem the Torrent of the headlong Flood.
Still *Danow's* crimson Waves thy Acts proclaim,
Still the *Morèa* trembles at thy Name.
Flandria in Echo's sports thy Praise around,
The Banks of *Rhine* return the grateful Sound.
Thy Arms have giv'n to humble Vales Renown,
And Names to Mountains, till thy Wars, unknown.
Streams, which in Silence flow'd obscure before,
Swell'd by thy Conquests proudly learn to roar.

O happy *Britain!* blest with her Desires,
Blest with a Monarch, whom the World admires!
O happy Monarch! who his Subjects sees
Inclin'd by Choice, and not Constraint, to please!
In vain the proud Triumphal Arches rise
On lofty Columns, 'till they mate the Skies:
Not him the proud Triumphal Arches move,
His noblest Triumph is his People's Love.

We ev'ry Art industriously employ
To paint our Passion, and describe our Joy.
Each tuneful Son of Harmony prepares
His sweetest Musick, and his softest Airs.
Old Age, transported, feels a youthful Fire,
And, trembling, strikes the long-neglected Lyre.
Poetick Youths their Infant Pinions try,
And every callow Muse attempts to fly.
Ev'n those, by Nature not design'd to Sing,
Who never tasted the *Castalian* Spring,
Forgetful of their unperforming Parts,
In homely Doggrel vent their honest Hearts:
At the high Theme they impotently aim,
And sacrifice to Loyalty their Fame.
While dext'rous Virgins nobler Arts pursue,
And with old Glories interweave the New:

Watchful the Slumbers of the Night they break,
And teach the curious Needle how to speak.
Embroider'd Chiefs deal harmless Blows around,
And Groupes of gasping Heroes strow the Ground.
Here, *British* Ensigns are display'd on high,
And *Gallia's* silken Squadrons seem to fly:
There, Foreign Princes silently attend,
And to one Warrior all submissive bend;
The Warrior's Horse moves with a graceful Spring,
And bounds, as conscious, that he bears the King.

Such is thy Image variously design'd:
But who can draw the Hero's godlike Mind?
Where Justice would the ready Vengeance throw,
Did tender Mercy not retard the Blow.
Where all those Graces in Conjunction shine,
Which thinly scatter'd make each Soul divine.
Others at distance glitt'ring may appear,
You view the Tinsel, if you view them near.
True Greatness from its native Source is bright,
And seeks no Covert, for it dreads no Light.
Thy ev'ry Act shall bear the Searcher's Eyes,
And still the more reveal'd, the more surprize.

Here, could my Strength another Toil sustain,
The brave *Augustus* should adorn my Strain.

His

His Glories would I faithfully rehearse,
And *Audenarde* should thunder in my Verse.
But such fresh Labours to fresh Bards belong,
And *Cambridge* never will refuse a Song,
Proud of the fav'rite Theme, her Prince's Fame,
Who condescended once to bear her Name.
She hopes a new *Lycæum* to behold,
Such as was figur'd, but not rais'd, of old.
Already on the rising Walls she smiles,
Nor envies *Oxford* all her stately Piles.

Scarce can my fainting Muse her self support,
To view the shining Circle of the Court;
Where *Somerset* illustriously repays
His Race's Brightness with a brighter Blaze:
Exerts the true Nobility of Blood,
And bravely dares to be both Great, and Good.
For ever, *Hartford*, shall *Britannia* bless
The Sword, which crown'd her Legions with Success:
For ever shall thy Counsels first be fought,
Who art that Patriot, others would be thought.
In thee the Hero and the Courtier meet,
Modestly bold, and elegantly sweet.
But a young *Seymour* yet behind appears,
And shoots his Virtues far beyond his Years.

The Worthies of old *Rome* let others trace,
Learn Thou to rival thy own glorious Race.
To *Roman* Fame compendiously aspire,
And imitate thy Brother, or thy Sire.
But with prophetick Pleasure I foresee,
What-e'er we hope'd for, still perform'd by thee.
Such happy Omens, in th' *Idalian* Grove,
Promis'd the Greatness of a future *Jove*.
Awful he look'd, tho' yet a beardless God;
The Mount began to tremble at his Nod:
With Smiles he saw the Lightnings take their Flight,
And learns to aim the Thunderbolt aright.

O *Marlb'rough*! how can I thy Fame survey,
And to thy Praise not consecrate a Lay?
Thou great *Camillus* of our Isle, return,
Let Merit triumph, and pale Faction mourn.
Nor think this grateful Theme I newly chose,
Oft have I sung thee ev'n amidst thy Foes,
Amidst thy Country's Foes! for who could be
A Friend to *Britain*, and a Foe to thee?

Fain would my Muse the pleasing Task prolong,
But starts, affrighted at th' unnumber'd Throng.
Her darling *Halifax* with Joy she spies,
And then to faithful *Townshend* turns her Eyes.

On *Orford's* Name obedient *Tritons* dwell,
And lowder yet provoke the sounding Shell.
Who shall the brave *Argyle's* Deserts proclaim,
In Years still blooming, but mature in Fame?
His quick Discernment can all Chances weigh,
Fierce without Fury, without Wildness gay.
Here, *Cowper's* Musick Crowds attentive draws,
There, *Nottingham* asserts *Britannia's* Laws.
While *Parker* judges, base Oppressors flie,
No more the Widows weep, or Orphans sigh.
To Calls of Honour *Stanhope's* Arms obey,
Conquest still follows, and adorns his Way.
Or if the Statesman rather would appear,
The willing Senate lends a list'ning Ear.
Had the fam'd *Tully* thus been form'd, of old,
Dreadful in Camps, as in Assemblies bold;
Not Eloquence ingloriously had bled,
The Warrior's Arm had sav'd the Patriot's Head.

Though the long Series still proceeds in State,
And my Strength sinks beneath the growing Weight,
To *Sunderland* a Verse I must decree,
Though hence he carries all the Arts with Thee.
O'er blest *Hibernia* shall his Reign diffuse
New Joys: a Theme for thy exalted Muse.

O! Thou, whose Breast with rich Ideas fraught
Knows no exhausted Energy of Thought,
Th' imperfect Essay gen'rously approve,
Forgive my Weakness, and indulge my Love,
Which thus attempted, in a lowly Strain,
To tell our wond'rous Joys for *GEORGE's* Reign.
A blissful Reign, with jealous Doubts unmixt;
Our floating *Delos* at the last is fixt.
Where Courage guards, and Justice guides the Throne,
The Rich forget to fear, the Poor to groan.
The King our Laws, the Laws our Rights insure,
What shall we wish for, to be more secure?
In such a Reign, free *Brutus* could not grieve,
And thy own *Cato* had vouchsaf'd to live.

F I N I S.

O! Thou, whose Breast with rich Ideas fraught
Shows no exhausted Energy of Thought
Thy impetuous Efflux gently approve
Refrain my Weakness and indulge my Love
Which thus attempted in a lowly strain
To tell our wondrous Joy for GEORGE'S Reign
A blissful Reign, with jealous Doubts unmarred;
Our flowing Verse at the last is hush'd
Where Courage guards and Justice rules the Throne
The Rich forget to fear the Poor's concern
The King our Laws the Laws our Rights defend
What shall we wish for, to be more content?
In such a Reign, free Britain could not grieve
And thy own Love had vouchsafed to live

F I N I S